

ZION'S HERALD AND THE WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. XXII. { REV. A. STEVENS, EDITOR.
FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1851.

TERMS, \$1.50, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. } No. 40.
OFFICE, No. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

TOUR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

It having been my design to teach, if a desirable situation offered, my attention was directed to the state of

EDUCATION.

Public school education in Alabama and Mississippi has more sympathy in the public mind than I had anticipated. By sale of what is termed the "sixteenth section" of public lands, most neighborhoods are provided with respectable schools, while other neighborhoods, the "sixteenth section" happening to fall in a swamp or water lot, are dependent on their own contributions. A large number of Northern young ladies have been employed in these schools, and the supply in some places exceeds the demand.

Female education is almost a *mania*, and no expense is spared in giving the young ladies a fashionable, and often a practical education. "Female Institutes" and "Female Colleges" are profusely scattered through the country, which, though assuming the grand titles, and honored with Presidents and Professors, actually possess no higher character than our seminaries and academies at the North.

Popular opinion favors the idea that the education of mothers ensures the education of their sons, and hence the education of boys by no means receives proportioned attention. Parents will not hesitate to lavish expense on the education of their daughters, while they send their sons to the "section" or public schools. Others, who take a more liberal view of male education, readily patronize select schools of a much higher grade. A very large proportion of young men who attend private schools, study the languages, and in favorable circumstances are further advanced in Latin, Greek and Mathematics, than students of the same age in Northern schools. Southrons develop early, and mature in youth.

There is a prevailing desire among young men of wealth, to be in the

PROFESSION OF LAW OR MEDICINE, although they may not design to practice a single year. It is the *position* which is really sought, and not the profession. There is a large circulation of periodical literature through some sections of the country, and much of a class which is not generally appreciated. For instance, in some small villages of from one to two thousand inhabitants, the "Eclectic" has a subscription list of from fifteen to thirty names; a work of this merit looks well on the table of a professedly literary man, though never read. I should do injustice to myself and to gentlemen of the professions, to leave this hint at superficiality without the additional remark, which, indeed is scarcely needed, that many are scholars of merit, who apply themselves vigorously in study and practice to elevate their professions to their proper standard.

Having made these running remarks upon certain educational interests of the South, and having nothing more to say in this place on this subject, I will conclude this reading with a few notes upon the

CLIMATE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

I preface this subject with the remark, that I suffered more from cold during the last winter, than ever in New England! Between latitude 30 and 34 degrees, the climate in the southwest, and I believe through the entire South, is exceedingly changeable. A bright, warm morning, is no guarantee for a bright, warm evening; and, unfortunately, warm temperature is instantly reversed to uncomfortable cold; bland zephyrs may cheer the heart, flowers in their innocence blush in joy, and the mocking-bird with his enchanting melody fill the forest with familiar spring birds, though he himself is the sole sinner; and all, all would persuade the stranger that the morning of the year had dawned, when suddenly he is shivered into the shuddering conviction that winter has not yet yielded his dominion, but is upon him with all its cold.

One Tuesday in February, accompanied by friends part of the distance, I mounted a horse of my accommodating friend Col. G., and rode 34 miles into the northern part of Green county, Alabama. The sun was shaded by clouds which occasionally dispensed "a right smart sprinkling of rain," and a gentle, refreshing breeze fanned us most lovingly, yet we were uncomfortably warm. The mercury stood at 62 degrees. On the following day I returned, suffering greatly from the cold. At noon, the mercury had fallen to 32 degrees, and before I reached my home across the prairie, the ground was freezing beneath the horse's feet, and during the entire succeeding day ice remained in the woods, notwithstanding the bright rays of an unclouded sun.

In a little higher latitude during the same month, I sat one day in my room very comfortable, without fire and with windows open. At night a heavy black cloud brought with it torrents of rain, and on the following day snow and sleet succeeded as before, by bright, clear sky and ice. Even in the streets of Mobile, near the Gulf of Mexico, I several times saw ice late in the forenoon. Of course nothing like the rigidity of New England winter is felt in the South, but it is the excessive changeableness of the temperature and the chill humidity which renders Southern winters so tedious. There is a large proportion of mild weather which lends "cold snaps" a keener sting. Yet all this could be endured if Southern residences were provided with the appliances of winter comfort we enjoy. They are not designed for cold weather, but admirably adapted for warm. Indeed the *careful* people would not enjoy our comforts, for they consider it highly injurious to health to remain in a room where there is a fire with closed doors. I breakfasted with a planter in his hospitable cabin one cold morning, while the scorching northern played merrily with our feelings as it danced cheerily from open door to open door, and the good man did not seem to appear to think it possible a door could be closed, or but we must of necessity suffer the keenest blast unsheltered.

Spring opens early, and affords the most delightful weather I ever enjoyed. The temperature of summer is said to be uniform, and presents nothing of the tedious variety of excessive heat and chilly cold we often experienced. The sea-breeze sets in about 9 o'clock, A. M., and greatly mitigates the summer heat. Snow is seldom seen on the Gulf coast; indeed a lady of more than forty winters informed me she had never seen snow but once in her life. The winter is the rainy season, and the summer the dry season. Not a drop of rain had fallen in Mobile during near five months previous to my arrival. A portion, if not all that section of the country I visited, is now suffering from drought which threatens famine.

The climate of this portion of the southwest is, in consideration of the short winters and predominance of mild weather, preferable of course, to that of New England, yet it is not the climate

I would recommend an invalid friend to select. Other sections afford more equable and less humid climate, better suited to constitutions too delicate for Northern winters. Gentlemen of intelligence and observation who have visited almost every latitude north of the equator, inform me that Cuba, a portion of Texas, a portion of Mexico, and East Florida, afford equable and salubrious climates, just suited to the invalid. Whoever goes South to spend the winter, will do well to take with him all the thick clothing he is accustomed to wear at home, and all the portable comforts he can command.

H. BAYLES.

For the Herald and Journal.

DR. OLIN.

Huntington, Long Island, Sept. 18, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—Amidst the multiplicity of communications called out by the death of Dr. Olin, will you not receive a word from a member of one of the last classes graduated under him? For whatever of energy, principle and manly aspiration may enter as forming elements into his character. And all that I shall say will find echoes in the hearts of many over whom Dr. Olin's influence is most commanding. You may understand my feelings towards the man when I tell you, that if I ever attain heaven, it will be owing to him in a good degree, to the fact, that I was permitted at a critical period in my history, to look upon the Christian religion as working out its benign mission in his soul; sweetening, strengthening and elevating his sympathies; entering and pouring a restless, beneficent life into his large catholic mind; robbing in a divine beauty the mighty proportions of his character, and in his public efforts imparting to his ardent intellect a light, a dignity, a grandeur of action, which made his performances like the sun's march across the firmament, strong, luminous and resistless. He was eminently fitted, both by nature and discipline, for guiding young men. His generous judgment of their motives when smaller souls would have been stirred with suspicions; his lively and tender appreciation of the difficulties and discouragements which environ and depress the student; his unfailing urbanity; his thorough manliness; his wide and glowing apprehension of all that goes to make up true nobleness; and the contagious enthusiasm with which, at fitting times he set before those committed to his charge, his grand ideal of a manly character—all these qualities established for him an undisputed dominion over the finest, noblest feeling of the youthful student. And now that the clock of the cemetery has upon him, it is grateful to me to bear testimony to his princely endowments of mind and heart. I call to mind the solemn prayers which he used to offer for us when, the day's work done, we were gathered in the College Chapel. After a day of mental toil on the minute points of scholastic culture, an introduction, in those evening exercises, to his broad visions of moral truth, wrought in us such experience as is born in the heart of the traveler who has made a weary march along shadowed, craggy ravines and perplexing forest paths, and at last as the sun descends, emerges to the mountain top from which he may scan interminable landscapes. The unmistakable earnestness, the mighty arguments, the amazing breadth of conception, the freshness, originality and vigor of expression, the fullness of human sympathy, and the thorough consciousness of the fearful verities of eternity, which characterized those evening devotions, will live in memory forever. It is a rare blessing to be near and feel about and within you the breath of a mind so kindly, of a heart so rich and true. I have healthily prevented Dr. Olin from laboring in the recitation room, but his presence was a conscious comfort, and the few things which he was permitted to say to us, will make him eternally influential in many souls. But he is asleep in the cemetery of the University over which he presided. And now these words I cast as a wreath upon his grave: God stamped manhood on him from his birth, and religion put upon his greatness so much of beauty as shall make him memorable for generations.

N. J. BURTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

PROVIDENTIAL.

The term *providential* is in every body's mouth. There is scarcely an event transpires, important or unimportant, in reference to which it is not used. A man by intemperance induces premature disease; this is *providential*. Another gets drunk, breaks his leg, or freezes to death; this is *providential*. A young lady goes out with thin shoes, takes cold, and dies of consumption; the rather of "this shoe" this, too, is *providential*. Another laces tight, and brings herself prematurely to the grave; and this, too, is *providential*. And it were an endless task to notice all the events which may be classed with those above-mentioned, each of which is regarded as *providential*. And when families are afflicted as the events enumerated suppose, we comfort them with the assurance, that they have been providentially afflicted, and that the "Judge of all the earth does right."

But are these events providential? And can we reasonably console ourselves with the conclusion that they are so? That there is a sense in which they are, and may be so regarded, is certainly true; but the fact that they are so, is not very well calculated to comfort the afflicted. Each of those afflictions mentioned, and the whole class to which they belong, are the results of a violation of established laws. Why was the man afflicted in early life with disease? Because he was intemperate. Why did the man break his leg, or freeze to death? Because he deprived himself of the use of reason and his physical powers by getting drunk. Why did the young lady die of consumption? Because she exposed her health by conforming to the law of fashion. Then each of the afflictions enumerated, and all of a similar character, are no less than the penalties of certain laws, which have been voluntarily violated. The practices which induced them are eminently suicidal. To say then, that they are *providential* in the sense to which that term is applied to them, is, in our humble opinion, to be guilty of a crime but little short of blasphemy. Are we correct?

There is another class of events to which the term *providential* is frequently applied. We furnish one illustration of this class. A minister was appointed to a circuit, who remarked in his first sermon, that he regarded his appointment as *providential*; before another Sabbath came around, his Presiding Elder found it necessary to send him to another circuit, at which he labored the rest of the year. Was the first appointment *providential*, or the second, or both? We furnish illustrations of another class of so-called providential events. One ventures his all in a desperate speculation; is unfortunate, and

finds himself penniless. Was his a providential misfortune? A man went to his barn with a lighted pipe; in an evil moment, and unobserved, a spark fell among his hay, and soon his buildings were enveloped in flames. Was his loss justly attributable to Divine Providence? Another placed on board a vessel that was not seaworthy a valuable cargo, manned it, and sent it to sea. During a storm, which a good vessel would have rode out, it was lost, with its crew and its cargo. Was this a providential event? A steambot, while running a race with another boat, burst its boilers; the boat and freight were destroyed, and the lives of a hundred human beings were lost. Was God the cause of this misfortune? Who can reasonably answer affirmatively?

There is no doctrine of revealed religion which we more fully embrace, than we do that of "Divine Providence." We see the hand of God in the bright shining sun, the descending rain, the springing plant, the blooming lily, and the abiding harvest. We witness marked and striking dispensations—dispensations which very evidently bear the impress of the unseen hand of Jehovah. But when we see events transpiring which are justly attributable to man, pardon us, if we fail to recognize in them the "overruling hand of Providence;" unless indeed we do it by recognizing the existence of certain established laws, which cannot be violated with impunity. All the afflictions noticed, and a thousand more might be noticed, resulted from man's negligence, man's imprudence, man's disregard of established laws, or principles in the divine administration.

Now when events occur, similar to most of those noticed, nothing is more common than to speak of them as providential. Is a steambot lost in running a race? Ministers speak of this as a providential event. And with deepest feeling do they expatiate on the "mysteries of Divine Providence." They assure us, "clouds and darkness are round about the Almighty;" that he has his way in deep waters—that we can in no wise fathom his designs in these dispensations. At the same time they inform us, "what we know now, we shall know hereafter; that in the last great day the problem will be solved, the mystery explained."

To us there appears to be no mystery in this event; the accident occurred, because of "putting on too much steam." And like causes will produce like effects, invariably; so we "believe, and so we preach."

If the pulpit and the press should inculcate the sentiment, that we owe most of our misfortunes to ourselves, would it not lead us, in many instances, to avoid the occasions of many of the accidents which occur among us, and which send pilgrims of sorrow to thousands of hearts. Should we be so fearfully presumptuous? Should we not rather, be "careful and troubled about many things" in reference to which, we are now in a high degree, criminally careless?

S. SARGENT.

Down East, Sept. 1851.

For the Herald and Journal.

AMERICA IN A RACE WITH THE WORLD.

BY REV. G. F. COX.

America is now seventy-six years of age. During this brief period, she has endured the natural drawbacks of two wars with the most powerful nation of the earth; and one of these she was obliged to bear while struggling for her own national existence—at the very hour when she needed most the fostering care of the mother country. Surrounded by the attendant difficulties of a profound wilderness, which she was to clear and make fruitful—an uncivilized and even barbarous nation within herself, which she was to subdue; contending with a climate that seemed rough beyond endurance, and a soil that had rocks of iron; without wealth, without arms, without armies—she started upon her career as a nation, and demanded her rights from the world. We say nothing of a thousand other difficulties necessarily connected with her new position. But where is America now? Her race was with kings, queens, aristocrats, autocrats, with governments; with China, of the hoary age of three thousand years; with Russia, then in possession of one seventh of the globe; with England, already in her glory; with France, with the Turks; nay, with Rome, with the wide world. The race was for life; who could best live, best govern, best defend, best educate, best pray, best provide for her poor, her sick, her healthy sons?

How does the race come out? To-day America is seen with a territory equaling that of the whole of Europe, all under her control, with a population of twenty-five millions; with a soil so subdued, that she has the blessings of Providence, she could feed and clothe, beside herself, half of Europe. Her poor and sick have their thousand asylums; other nations are visiting her to take their dimensions, and pattern by their internal economy. The people are educated; they are all readers. No nation in the world can present the like picture. They are all taught of God. Her sanctuaries are in every State, town and village. Her colleges, her academies, her other seminaries of learning, her common schools, are nowhere surpassed in the history of mankind.

Recently America has been put to the test. Your readers all know of the great Industrial Fair of the World at London. At this place the nations have come together to be friends—to see how each has fared since the child America left the lap of England. And to give interest to the occasion, they have agreed to test each other's skill, strength, wealth, beauty even. At the first, when the nations did look upon us, we did seem *unseemly*. They were arrayed in scarlet; we in wool and cotton. They had diamonds; we a machine to make candles. Their machines were exquisitely wrought; ours lacked the polish. They had beautiful designs, paintings, sculpture; we had a plough!

But how does the race come out? As no human mind could have anticipated. The trial gives America the command of all the great interests of life. It gives her command of the sea. Her yacht, the America, out-distances, in sailing, all nations in the world. It gives America command of the earth. Her plough turns the best furrow; and thereby draws from the earth the most fruitfulness with the least labor. The trial gives to America the command of the harvest world. Her grain reaper, though unpolished, controls the harvest fields as does none other, and is among those implements which takes the prize of the GREAT MEDAL OF THE WORLD. It gives America the command of the battle-field. Colt's Revolver out-generals all other experiments, and will put into the hands of the inventor a half million of dollars.

The trial has given us also precedence in providing for misfortune. One of our Springfield citizens has presented at the fair an ARTIFICIAL Lazo for the unfortunate, that so far exceeds all

others, that in walking one can scarcely distinguish the natural from the artificial.

What more could be asked for America? The Grain Reaper is worth more to the world than the Koh-i-noor diamond, or ten thousand of them. So is the Plough; so is even the American Candle Machine; yes, it is worth more than all the diamonds of earth. It is worth more than silk, though that silk were scarlet.

Now, if the trial gives us command of the sea, as it does by our superior sailing; if it gives us control of the soil, in the ease with which we manage it; and even its fruitfulness;—of the harvest, of the battle-field, or means of defence; and we might add of the control over our own treasure, when gained, by the American Lazo; as if the trial gives us the precedence in intelligence as our course proves, what could we ask more than an increase in *virtue*? And all this hath God wrought in seventy-six years! If her childhood be this, what, with God's help, shall be her manhood? All praise to God.

Who shall speak again? America? Who shall decri a triumph so beautiful! Who shall spot a fabric so fair, or tear it down because a single spot is *unremoved* that was placed upon the young child's cheek, while yet in infancy, by her own mother. He that would destroy her, let him die the death.

THE CAFFRES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Caffres, or Kafirs, with whom the British are at war, are a tribe in South Africa, whose character and threatened fate should excite concern among all humane and Christian people.

Their country lies eastward of the line of the Cape of Good Hope, and they are an independent and spirited people, having but a remote resemblance to the negro race. In stature they approach the European standard, and their high foreheads and aquiline noses depart still more strikingly from the negro countenance. Their complexion is of a brown or copper color, assimilating them to the Asiatic races. They are not savages, but show much aptitude for agriculture and commerce. No African race presents better material for the rise of an enterprising and admirable nation.

The first Caffre war grew out of the seizure of an extensive territory in 1811, on pretence that it had been ceded to the Dutch. The population, amounting to 30,000, were driven by military force beyond the Great Fish River, the boundary claimed, leaving behind them their cattle and their ungathered harvests. The injured tribes naturally studied to revenge their wrongs, and a long and bloody contest was the result, in which the Caffres were defeated with great loss.

For a few years past, attempts have been made to conciliate the natives by kindness and justice. Peace, which it was hoped might be permanent, was for sometime enjoyed. Missions were extended, and those among the Caffres assumed a more favorable aspect. But apparently getting tired of quiet, or renewedly covetous of the broad territories that lay beyond British jurisdiction, the colonial authorities have brought a league of nearly all the tribes against them. Treaties have been violated; Caffre chiefs have been deposed; and as a consequence a war more arduous than any the colony has provoked is now raging. The Hottentots, who have been manifested a loyal spirit, and other tribes, have made common cause with the Caffres.

The immediate interests thus put in peril are momentous. Eighty or more missionary stations have been established in South Africa by the Moravians, Wesleyans, the London Missionary Society, the Scottish and French societies, and the American Board of Commissioners, of which several were in Caffreland. These are more generally threatened than in previous wars, for then there was no general alliance of the native tribes. Already three Moravian stations have been deserted; others lie at the mercy of the contending parties, and can hardly escape destruction. The ultimate results are likely to be more painful. It is the avowed policy of the colony to subdue, if not to exterminate the native races. The British Parliament has instituted an investigation, but when they deliberate the work of death goes on; and unless some marked providential interposition arrests the present course of things, the missions, with the thousands they have already gathered from heathenism, and the hundreds of thousands waiting to receive the Gospel, will be doomed to immediate or gradual extinction, and with them the hopes of one of the most promising races on the continent of Africa.—Macedonian.

FEELING AFTER GOD.

Perhaps nothing can give us so strong an idea of the rich treasure we have in the Bible, as to enter into the thoughts and reflections and faith (if faith they can have) of those whose understandings have never been illuminated by this ray of heavenly light.

The following relation of the reflections of a heathen, as given to a missionary to whom he had listened while preaching the Gospel, we take from the New York Observer:—

"Your views, O white man, are just what I wanted and sought for before I knew you. Twelve years ago, I went, in a cloudy season, to feed my flock along the Tlotse, among the Matluis. Seated upon a rock, in sight of my sheep, I asked myself sad questions; yes, sad, because I could not answer them. The stars said I—who touched them with his hand? On what pillars do they rest? The waters are not weary; they run without ceasing, at night and morning alike; but where do they stop? or who makes them run thus? The clouds also go, return, and fall in water to the earth. Whence do they arise? Who sends them? It is surely not the Barokas (rain-makers) who gave us the rain, for how could they make it? The wind—what is it? Who brings it, or takes it away, makes it blow, and roar, and frighten us? Do I know how the corn grows? Yesterday there was not a blade to be seen in my field. To-day I return and find something. It is very small; I can scarcely see it, but it will grow up like to a young man. Who can have given the ground wisdom and power to produce it? Then I buried my forehead in my hands. Again, I thought within myself, and I said, we all depart, but this country remains; it alone remains, for we all go away. But whither do we go? My heart answered, perhaps other men live under the earth, and we shall go to them. But another thought arose against it, and said, these other men under the earth, whence come they? Then my heart did not know what more to think. It wandered. Then my heart rose and spoke to me, saying, All men do much evil, and thou, thou also, hast done much evil. Woe to thee! I recalled many wrongs which I had done to others, and because of them my conscience gnawed me in secret, as I sat alone on the rock.

I say, I was afraid. I got up, and ran after my sheep, trying to enliven myself; but I trembled much!"

For the Herald and Journal.

THE DEATH OF DR. OLIN.

A NOTICE OF IT BY THE GENESSEE CONFERENCE.

The death of Stephen Olin is an event which creates sensation, more or less painful, throughout the whole of Protestant Christendom. How much more painfully, then, must it affect us who were permitted to near a survey of that grace of God which shone so conspicuously in the colossal proportions of his intellectual character; in the childlike simplicity, purity and attractiveness of the Christian and social virtues with which he was resplendent; in the amazing power which was wielded by his pulpit ministrations, as well as in the zeal he manifested in the interests of sanctified learning, and in the success with which he applied his cultivated and mighty energies in imparting its advantages to others.

Wherefore this Conference resolved, 1. That while the church and Protestant Christianity generally, are alive to this providential bereavement, we cannot but be deeply penetrated by the conviction, that a prince and a great man has this day fallen in Israel.

2. That we can but realize the painful and embarrassing consequences of this providential visitation to him who must assume the vacated presidency of the Wesleyan University; and that to him, with the Faculty, officers and members of that cherished but smitten institution, we hereby tender our sincere sympathies.

3. That the same sympathies, mingled with a heartfelt condolence, are hereby proffered to the friends, and especially the relict and surviving child of the illustrious dead.

4. That copies of this paper be forwarded by our Secretary to Mrs. Olin, as also, to the Northern Christian Advocate, Zion's Herald, the Christian Advocate and Journal, together with the Buffalo Christian Advocate, for publication.

THE PURE IN HEART.

A few years ago, a young man in a neighboring university, had just been licensed to preach. He had intended to preach that system which denies the doctrine of depravity and teaches the purity of human nature. He had prepared his paper and pen to write his first sermon, and written his text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He began to ponder upon his text, and the question arose, who are the pure in heart? Am I pure in heart? The more he thought upon the question, the more he was troubled. He had an engagement to preach the sermon for which he had selected the text. But when he looked into his heart, and reviewed his past life, he saw nothing but pollution and defilement. He was so distressed, that he could not write his sermon, and was obliged to send a note excusing himself from his engagement. He then for the first time began to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He depicted the necessity of an atoning Saviour, whose blood could cleanse from sin. In a short time he experienced the efficacy of atoning blood. He could now answer the question, Who are the pure in heart? Not those who are born pure—Not those who have washed themselves clean. But those who are made such by "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." He now hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and prayed continually for the purity of heart which he desired, the faith which he once destroyed. This fact should lead every reader to inquire, Am I pure in heart? Have I seen the plague of my own heart? Do I cry continually, "Create within me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me?"—Puritan Recorder.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR—NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

Dr. William A. Graham writes to the Mountain Banner, published, we believe, in North Carolina, claiming this wonderful invention as far back as 1837. He exhibits copies of the official documents, showing that he applied to the United States Patent Office in November of that year for a patent, which was refused by the Commissioner, on the ground that the invention did not "possess that novelty and utility which would justify the office in issuing a patent." Nor was it, indeed, "believed to be capable of being carried into effect." Dr. G. says he answered the objections of the department, and proceeded to make some experiments in Washington City, which were thoroughly successful. He was preparing for a new experiment on a larger scale, when "an individual" was introduced to him by a U. S. Senator, and represented to him great influence with the Patent Office. This "individual" endeavored to dissuade him from the experiment, and to induce him to enter into a partnership with the advice of Mr. Calhoun and others, he declined any further communications with the gentleman.

Mr. Calhoun had a Senate Committee raised, to inquire into the merits of the invention, and its rejection at the Patent Office; but, in the meantime, Dr. Graham had been arrested on a bail bond for a debt of \$300, which he was unable to pay, and being "in duress vile" could not appear before the Committee. Thus that movement failed. Dr. G. afterwards made an indirect application for a patent in England, and received a very favorable reply thereto, but the necessary steps were never fully taken. His papers, he says, still remain on file in the United States Patent Office, operating as the Commissioner instructed him, "as a perpetual caveat against any person claiming a similar invention."

He says that he is "sufficiently fortified by testimony of record," and that a "concatenation of circumstances beyond his control," has prevented a renewal of his application at the Patent Office. He remarks in his letter:—

"I do not wish Americans to be imposed upon, by giving large sums of money to English patentees, for an invention which truly belongs to their own 'land of the brave and home of the free.' I will repair to Washington upon the meeting of next Congress, and renew my application."

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for, and destined to a high and holy purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for a labor or profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turned furrow, but forward to the new ground, that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men, and our great men, have carved their paths to fortune and fame by this eternal principle—a principle that cannot fail to reward its votary if he be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over lack of inheritance, is unmanly. Every man should strive to be a creator,

instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race, in this respect want dignity and discipline. It prefers to wield the sword of valorous forefathers, to forging its own weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the God in him, and the providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust, than to inherit coffer of gold. This spirit of self-nobility once learned, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich, in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest among men.—N. Y. Sun.

THE DUKE AND THE BISHOP.

It is related that when the Duke of Saxony and a good Bishop in Germany were at variance, the Duke sent messengers to see what preparations the Bishop was making; who, on their return, told him he was making no preparations at all.

The duke asked, "What says he then?" They replied, "He says he will preach the Gospel, visit the sick, and be found in his duty; and as for the war, he is resolved to commit the whole of it to God."

"O then," said the Duke, "if he be of that mind, let the devil wage war with him if he will, for I will not."

MORAL.
"Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

There is a church in Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, which is said to have been built in the third century after our Saviour's birth, and very likely was so; but the exact time when, cannot be found out. In Rome, too, there are three or four very old churches, but none older than the fourth century; and we cannot be sure who built them, or when.

But in the island of Corfu, on the western shore of the Morea, in the Mediterranean, there are standing the ruins of a church bearing an inscription that tells who built it; and the name of the builder lets us know the year in which it was built; and that was in the middle of the fourth century, fourteen hundred and seventy-six years ago.

Dr. Walsh found those ruins, took a drawing, and copied the inscription. The following is his translation:—

"I, Jovian, having powerful faith as the auxiliary of my attempts, have built this sacred temple to thee, blessed Ruler on high! overturning the heathen altars and shrines of the Greeks, I present this offering to thee, O King! with an unworthy hand."

Jovian, who caused this inscription to be made, was Roman emperor in the years 363, and 364. He reigned only nine months. His predecessor Julian, was a pagan, and would not build churches. This church, there must have been begun in 363, and finished in 364, not long before the emperor died.—Quebec Gazette.

WHAT IS GOD?

In an early meeting of one of the committees of the Westminster Assembly, the subject of deliberation was to frame an answer to the question, "What is God?" Each man felt the unapproachable sublimity of the divine idea suggested by these words; but who could venture to give it expression in human language! All shrunk from the too sacred task in awe-struck, reverential fear. At length it was resolved, as an expression of the committee's deep humility, that the youngest member should make the first attempt. He consented; but begged that the brethren first unite with him in prayer for divine enlightenment. Then in slow, solemn accents, he thus began his prayer: "O God, thou art a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." When he ceased, the first sentence of his prayer was immediately written down and adopted, as the most perfect answer that could be conceived; as, indeed, in a very sacred sense, God's own answer, descriptive of himself. This individual, it is supposed, was Geo. Gillespie.

HOW TO DIE IN FAITH.

Would you then be so happy as to die in faith, take these Advices:

1. Be careful to get faith before-hand; for death is a time to use faith, not to get it. They were foolish virgins who had their oil to buy when the bridegroom was close at hand.
2. Study to live every day in the exercise of faith, and be still improving and making use of Christ in all his offices, and for all those ends and uses which God hath given him to believers.
3. Frequently clear up your evidences for heaven, and beware of letting sin blot them to you.
4. Record and lay up the experiences of God's kind dealings with you, and be often reflecting upon them, that you may have them ready at hand in the hour of death.
5. Meditate much on those promises which have been sweet and comfortable to you in the time of trial, and beg that the Lord may bring them to your remembrance when you come to die.—Willison.

PRAYING WITH THE HEART.—We may pray with the intellect, without praying with the heart; but we cannot pray with the heart without praying with the intellect. Such are the laws of the mind, that there can be no such praying without a knowledge of the thing we pray for. Let the heart be full, wholly given up to the pursuit of the object; but let your perception of the object be distinct and clear. This will be found honorable to God and beneficial to the soul.

THE CONSCIENCE.—When a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does it faster than anything in nature; it is, I may say, like the boiling of an egg, it is very clear at first, but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more, and you may cut it with a knife.

A youngster who had commenced the study of natural philosophy, was one day asked to mention the properties of heat, to which he replied: "The chief property of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

"Very good. Can you give me a familiar example?"
"Yes sir. In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; while in winter, when the day is cold, it becomes short."

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1851.

NEXT GENERAL CONFERENCE—PEWED CHURCH QUESTION.

We have during several months been discussing questions which will probably occupy the attention of the next General Conference. One more remains; if we are not mistaken it will excite no little agitation. We do not deem it of much importance, but fear that disinterested circumstances will give it an interest quite disproportionate to its value. It may not, therefore, be unworthy of some previous consideration.

The subject referred to is the so called pew question. We see that even in the election of Delegates to the General Conference, it has been anticipated in the West. This fact we deeply regret—it indicates too much pertinacity for a very secondary matter—it is a sort of declaration of war, on a subject which certainly had better be entrusted to the good sense and good temper of uncommitted men. We have had so many severe agitations in the last five or six sessions of the General Conference, that it is to be prayerfully hoped the next one may be distinguished for its pacific character and for a thorough treatment of great practical interests, rather than exhibitions of debate and partisan tactics. We know of no occasion for any protracted or violent discussions at the coming session. We hope there will be a determined purpose to keep out unnecessary agitation, and especially to not allow a mere secondary question of economical expediency, like the one mentioned, to disturb the more urgent and practical deliberations of the Conference.

In looking comprehensively at the subject, two questions present themselves; first, *What is the actual disciplinary provision respecting it?* Secondly, *What ought it to be?*

We have so often referred to the first inquiry that we can say nothing new upon it. We can but repeat the following outline of what we have frequently asserted to be the existing law of the church regarding pews.

1. There is an old and actually obsolete rule in the Discipline, which says: "Let the men and women sit apart." It has been so far disregarded in England, that all our chapels there are now, and this we suppose, is the case in Canada. It has been virtually abandoned as a rule in our Atlantic Conferences, and pews have been more or less recognized by those Conferences from Bangor to Baltimore.

2. The Discipline enjoins upon the Annual Conferences "to use their influence" (a very qualified phrase that certainly does not mean to "unchurch," to prevent pews in our churches, and also, "in as far as possible, to prevent those houses free which have already been built with pews," a phrase which evidently implies that there might be cases where the "influence" of the Conference might fail of this effect, where the change might not be "possible" to mere prudential "influence," and there is no provision made that in such cases the societies were to be cast out of our pale.

No unprejudiced man can believe that these prohibitory phrases were designed to interdict *discreetly* and *on consequence* the provision of pews; but, notwithstanding the declaration that "there is no exception to the rule"—a declaration that, in connection with these phrases, becomes more alms than mandatory. The innovation was considered as inexpedient, (not morally wrong,) and the measures to prevent it were designed to be *expedient* measures, not *coercive*.

This view of the subject is further evident from the fact that these provisions of the Discipline were not adopted till 1820, when the old rule had long since been obsolete in both Old England and New England, and when its unqualified enforcement would have involved serious disasters to our cause.

Another confirmation of this view of these clauses is the manner in which they were actually regarded immediately after their passage. Though the preachers were bound to use their "influence" against pews, they evidently did not understand that they were bound to cast away societies which did not yield to their "influence"; no such society was so cast out of the pale of Methodism in New England; on the contrary, the pewed society extended as circumstances required, and the Conferences and Churches continued, as before, to recognize pewed churches—old and new ones—and to appoint preachers to them. The first case to the contrary we have ever heard of, is the remarkable one of Cincinnati, which has occurred now when the whole line of the Atlantic Conference is interspersed with powerful and sanctioned societies having pewed chapels.

A Bishop who should now refuse to appoint a preacher to a pewed chapel, would impeach the action of all the Atlantic Conferences and all the Bishops who have presided in them for years.

3. But there are other considerations. The proceedings of each Annual Conference are examined and adjudicated, if we may use the word, at every General Conference by a committee appointed for that purpose. During all the years that the Atlantic Conferences have been recognizing and reporting societies having pewed chapels, this committee has taken no exception to the fact; the General Conference has not condemned the recognition though it was notorious; and that body has thus endorsed the change as beyond that "possible" restraint of Annual Conference "influence" which it had recommended.

4. During all this period the administration of the Bishops has also come under the investigation of every General Conference, by a committee appointed for the purpose, and whose report, if not condemnatory, is considered an endorsement by the General Conference of his official conduct. Yet these Bishops have, as has been well known to the General Conference and its committee, appointed preachers to such churches, held Conferences in them, preached in them, *dedicated* them, received petitions from them, and done so in respect to *hundreds* of them.

It seems to us absolutely impossible for any reflecting man to escape the conclusion, from these facts, that the *actual law* of the church in respect to this subject is *designed not absolutely to prohibit, but to discourage the erection of pewed chapels*.

This being the existing state of the law, what should it be—what changes do our later circumstances as a church render desirable?

It will be acknowledged, we suppose, by men of good practical sense, that a law on a question of mere expediency, had better be abandoned if it is generally disregarded and manifestly cannot be executed. Its retention under such circumstances can do no good—can only render it a stumbling block for impotent strife. Now is there one such man in our connection who does not see that these laws against pews are precisely in this state? Look at the actual facts. From Bangor to Louisville, pewed churches are interspersed over our territory. Six whole Conferences have their churches pewed; the principal posts of Methodism in several others have followed their example. Can you revolutionize back this state of things? Can your attempts be of any effect except to exasperate bad feelings and provoke success to the innovation?

We hold, then, that these laws should be summarily erased from the Discipline, but not so as to cut off the testimony of the church in favor of free seats. We are the staunch advocates of "Free Seatings." While in every larger community a few pewed houses should be provided for those who can sustain them, we hold that as a general thing Methodist chapels should offer unrestricted access to the multitudes. While there are parts of cities where chapels would situate in the most desirable places, where a uniform class of people and a stated audience, and where, therefore, family sittings could not be in any wise objectionable, but on the contrary a great convenience, there are others where pews would virtually exclude those who most need the Gospel. Does any man deny this fact? And does not this unquestionable view of the case indicate the right practical policy, viz: allow pewed houses, but assert the expediency of free seats as the general rule. This, we think, the right course *per se*, and it is, as we have said, the only *practicable* course in the present condition of the church.

The suitable course then for the next General Conference would be, we humbly submit, to repeal the present fragmentary and unsatisfactory statutes on the subject, and embody their substance in a clear declaration of the expediency of free seats as the policy of Methodism, but the permission of pewed ones where the churches may deem them necessary or desirable. One thing is mani-

fest at least, that this will be inevitably the practical law of the denomination, whether you recognize it or not; and it will be for the General Conference to decide whether it befit its dignity to enact by law what its common sense must assure must be an utter nullity. You cannot compel the popular mind in a matter of mere expediency like this. On the contrary, your rigor can only react unfavorably.

COME TO AMERICA!

We have been extremely interested in reading notices of the lectures and addresses of Father Gavazzi, an Italian Priest, who has renounced Popery, and is enlightening the people of Great Britain more fully in the modern character and operations of this mystery of iniquity. His eloquence, it is said, is more wonderful and majestic than that of any orator since the days of the great Athenian. We would bespeak for him a hearty welcome to this vast country. Our people, well informed as they are in some respects, are yet many of them, easily duped by the smooth speeches and accommodating policy of this same Popish Hierarchy. Come, Father Gavazzi, and look upon our boundless resources—our vast prairies—our almost ocean lakes—our glorious Niagara—our wonderful activity and enterprise—our moral, social, political, educational, and religious institutions, and gather fresh inspirations from these great works of God, and these great results of human progress.

That very wonderful orator, Gavazzi, says a London writer, has concluded his lectures in town, and starts for Scotland. There has been probably no incident of all the anti-Popish agitation so decidedly injurious to the cause, as this man's presence in London. They have felt so, and done all in their power to injure his popularity, but in vain. They dare not make a charge of any kind of misconduct or bad character against him. They knew too well the mettle of the warrior priest, and too well the temper of British juries to set about their usual libelling system. His advocacy of enlightenment is therefore doubly valuable. Indeed, for the mere sake of seeing, for once, the true grace of the "action" that Demosthenes recommended, and of hearing pure eloquence, there is nothing in this eventful year better worth attending than a lecture of Gavazzi.

VICTORIA COLLEGE.

It appears from the Toronto Christian Guardian that this institution is not to be removed from Coburg, as formerly contemplated, but that an effort is on foot to secure a more ample and permanent endowment for the purpose of continuing and enlarging its operations there. The proposition of the Trustees to accomplish their object is as follows: "We propose to raise for the permanent endowment of Victoria College, the sum of twelve thousand five hundred pounds, by subscriptions, and by the sale of scholarships, in such a way, that any one who will secure to the Trustees of the college, the payment of twenty-five pounds, by giving an approved note of hand for that amount, payable in five years with interest annually, paid in advance, will be entitled to the privilege of educating one scholar at a time, continually, in the college, during the full term of twenty-five years, free from the regular tuition charges."

"By this mode of operation, any one who procures a scholarship, may absolutely have tuition at Victoria College during the period of five years much cheaper than at the usual price, and also tuition during the twenty subsequent years free from any charge for tuition whatever." We are glad to find that our Canada brethren are determined to give additional efficiency to their college; and that they will meet a hearty response from the friends of education in that country.

ALAS FOR THE LADIES.

It is mentioned in our city exchanges that as the procession on Friday, the 19th inst., halted in Dover street, a lady, whose name is given, came from her house with a waiter, upon which were a bottle of champagne and glasses, and offered them to Lord Elgin and suite, who accepted the compliment, and drank the health of the lady. This is precisely the kind of influence which does more to sanction and encourage intemperance than fifty temperance discourses can do to prevent it. O, women, leave the guilt and care of temptation to thy rougher companion—man. Why shouldst thou be any longer a siren to decoy to death? Gentle and winning as thy nature, thou shouldst "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way." Woman pleads, it is true, the custom of society as excuse for her own delinquencies; but she need not parade them with such effrontery, nor encourage such custom unless it is her choice. She might, as in many ways she does, effectually rebuke and change the current of social life.

But alas for the lady whose folly and weakness have been thus published to the world. It is said in this connection that the Governor of Massachusetts, to whom at the same time was tendered the invitation to deliver a very respectfully and decidedly declined his intended compliment. We are sorry that in this case a woman should be the victim of such high resolve; but we rejoice that our worthy Chief Magistrate had the manliness to refuse such a tempting offer, as it has frequently been his lot to refuse similar offers from the rougher sex during his months of office. Honor to whom honor is due; and we cannot but commend the stand Gov. Boutwell takes on the subject of temperance to all candidates for that or any other office in the Commonwealth.

MERITED REBUKE.

In our last Review of the Week, we alluded to the fact that wines of various kinds were freely circulated among the guests at the Harbor Excursion for the Railroad. We lament the fact for the honor of the city. And this circumstance seems the more to be deplorable on account of its inconsistency with the action of the city in other matters. We gave in the same Review a notice of the precautionary measures adopted by the police to preserve order during the festival by exposing to distinct cognizance some seventy-five persons suspected of petty offences. And here the City Authorities are found furnishing the accused source of four-fifths of all the crime which exists in the community. To complete the inconsistency, intoxicating liquors were excluded from the public dinner in the grand pavilion on the Common. We call special attention to this subject because it is a shame—a burning shame—that at this day and in this city the practice of temperance should not be carried into all departments of the city operations. It is time the citizens of Boston took this matter in hand, and resolved to replace any officers who encourage and wink at such disgraceful proceedings, with men good and true, who will make morality, not a corrupt appetite, the rule of their actions in all things. An article on this wine-drinking excursion appeared last Monday evening in the Boston Traveller, which ought to carry the blush of shame to any who participated in this degrading, impolitic, absurd profligacy of the city. We are proud to find that some men, though they were the guests of the feast, had the frankness and honesty to administer the following open, wholesome rebuke:—

To the Editors of the Evening Traveller:—We are unwilling to leave this city without giving expression to the great gratification we have experienced in visiting your many admirable public institutions, and especially your justly celebrated common schools. We had heard much of them; but after a personal inspection, we can truly say, "The half had not been told us."

While returning our best thanks for the very kind card of invitation, signed by your Mayor, to your great celebration, we also acknowledge the extreme reluctance, on the part of the committee, to the knowledge of the courtesy of all connected with the railroads and public institutions, upon whom the mere sight of the envelope containing it operated like a talisman wherever we went. It is, therefore, with a sense of duty, that we add word with respect to the profuse supply and free use of intoxicating drinks on board the steamers containing the guests of the city, in their pleasure trip on Boston Bay.

Canadians have been in the habit of looking up to New England as a pattern, with regard to temperance, and all the efforts of temperance men in Canada have been aided by reference to the excellence of your laws and practice in this respect. You may, therefore, conceive the extent of the injurious influence which this display of intoxicating drinks before so many Canadians is likely to exert.

With the intention of conforming willingly to your usage, and that they would have gone away with more real admiration for your city and Commonwealth, had you entertained them on temperance principles, as probably most of them anticipated. Besides, many of them were total abstainers, and some of whom may have been tempted, out of respect for you, to partake against their own better judgment, of that which you, in opposition to your better judgment, provided out of courtesy for them.

This ally to our general satisfaction we respectfully take the liberty of mentioning, in the hope that any future civic intercourse (and may it be frequent, happy and beneficial on both sides,) may leave out that which must prove a hindrance to the temperance cause, on the success of which the prosperity of both countries greatly depends.

Should the social and complimentary intercourse of the two countries be marked by such scenes as those of the pleasure trip on Boston Bay, it will be looked upon as a calamity by the good and wise; whereas, if the plan adopted by you at the banquet on the Common be adhered to on both sides, the happiness and benefit of the interchange of civilities will be without alloy. That banquet was admirably conducted, and wholly free from the objectionable element of intoxicating drinks.

Again expressing our deep sense of the kindness and courtesy ever extended to us, we are your most obedient servants, CANADA.

LOS ANGELES STAR.

A copy of the 12th number of this new paper, published Aug. 2, in California, has been sent us. It is a small sheet, published every Saturday, at the city of Los Angeles, for the subscription price of ten dollars a year. The names of John A. Lewis, formerly of this city, and Wm. H. Rand, brother of our agent, appear as publishers. Half of the paper is printed in English, and the other half in Spanish. Owing somewhat to the locality in which it is published, it sympathizes with the southern portion of the State on the question of division, and gives us the Spanish views of the subject. A brief editorial leader contains the following language relating to this matter:—"The North and the South are doubtless equally prepared to decide this great question. Eventually, there is nothing in it to produce sectional hatred or jealousy; nothing to make a breach of brotherhood. The men of Trinity and the men of San Diego can approach its settlement, with not a solitary impulse that might sway the even balance of Justice. There will be no party animosity, for the object is not to build or pull down a party. No, it is to settle no sectional nor partial feeling that has driven the southern portion of this State to the position it is now about to occupy, seeking a change of government and a separation from our brethren of the North. Higher aims, and far different feelings—self-preservation—Nature's first law, necessity itself, has produced this unity we have spoken of, and which exists from San Diego to Monterey, if not even to San Jose and San Francisco."

The interests of the North and of the South are so dissimilar, that the two sections cannot exist as one political organization, without injury to one portion or the other, or both. Laws adapted to the North, are totally unsuited to the South, and vice versa. Under the present government, the South has not the strength to secure a system of legislation adapted to her wants, and it is only by a division of the State that she will be enabled to develop her resources and obtain laws suited to the condition of her population."

A GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING.

We learn from the Gardiner (Me) Fountain, that there was a large and very interesting temperance meeting held in Portland, in connection with the meeting of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," recently held in that city. Hon. Mr. Williams, Chief Justice of Connecticut, presided, and on taking the chair spoke warmly and approvingly of the Maine law, regarding it as the most important act of legislation on this subject, and proposed that the example of Maine would soon be followed by other States. Highly interesting speeches were made by Rev. Drs. Patton, Cox, Stone, Lyman Beecher and others; all dwelling with special emphasis and peculiar power on the present position of Maine. This furnishes another powerful testimony of approval of, and sympathy with, the proud stand taken by Maine, coinciding fully with the National Convention at Saratoga.

CALIFORNIA MISSION OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

The following novel and striking proposition in regard to this mission, is made by the missionaries of the Church South, now in that land, viz: Jesse Boring, A. M. Wing, and Cyprian Gridley, in an address sent by them to the bishops, ministers and members of that church, which address is published in the Southern Christian Advocate.

Considerations, hereinafter mentioned, have induced us to make the following proposition in relation to this division of our missionary work, viz: Upon the succeeding conditions California shall, at the close of the present year, 1852, which shall constitute a missionary fund, to be applied by a "Mission Committee" as the book of Discipline directs, in relation to other Annual Conferences. See Discipline, Section vi., "Support of Missions."

1. This mission shall be supplied with twenty efficient missionaries, (including the three now here and those on their way,) who shall be here and ready for the work by the 10th of, or at farthest, 15th of April, 1852. 2. Each mission shall be assigned to the work under this arrangement, shall, before leaving his Conference, raise by the contributions of the people, \$1,000 or more. 3. So much as may be necessary of this amount shall be applied to his expenses in reaching the country, and the balance reported to the "Pacific Annual Conference," to be organized in this city on the day of April, 1852, which shall constitute a missionary fund, to be applied by a "Mission Committee" as the book of Discipline directs, in relation to other Annual Conferences. See Discipline, Section vi., "Support of Missions."

4. Those present, and who propose to volunteer for the work as above, shall report themselves to Bishop Paine, in whom is the right to select and appoint such as in his holy judgment he may deem best for the interests of this mission.

The reasons which they assign for this plan, and enlarge upon in their address are: 1. Delay of receiving suitable aid at the time it is wanted. 2. They can thus occupy the prominent points at once, and have a fair start with other denominations. 3. They can thus begin the first Conference year with a missionary fund sufficient to sustain the work, without embarrassing the Missionary Society. 4. With this aid their own resources will suffice to sustain the laborers. The people will then do the rest. 5. By this arrangement they will be saved the delay and embarrassments attending the transaction of business at such a distance. 6. Heavy expenditures of money may be saved. We hope our own Missionary Society will consider this matter.

A. B. C. F. M.

The following summary of the missions of the American Board not including those among the North American Indians, is taken from the "Congregationalist":—

1. The Missions.	
Number of Missions,	25
" Stations,	110
" Out Stations,	33
Number of Ordained Missionaries (being physicians),	151
" " Licentiate's,	2
" " Physicians not ordained,	7
" " Those present, and who propose to volunteer for the work as above, shall report themselves to Bishop Paine, in whom is the right to select and appoint such as in his holy judgment he may deem best for the interests of this mission.	25
" " Female Assistants,	201
Whole number of laborers sent from this country,	386
Number of Native Pastors,	19
" " Other Native Preachers,	19
" " Other Native Helpers,	112
Whole number of Native Assistants,—142	
" " Laborers connected with the missions,	528
Number of Printing Establishments,	12
Pages printed last year,	52,669,789
" " from the beginning,	948,589,268
Number of Churches,	2,762
" " Church Members,	1,204
Added during the year,	1,204
5. Educational Department.	
Number of Seminaries,	2
" " Normal Schools,	7
" " Free Schools, (437 supported by Hawaiian Government),	734
" " Pupils in the Seminaries,	331
" " Boarding Schools,	708
" " Free Schools,	22,334
" " in all the Schools,	23,378

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE BOARD was held on the 17th inst. Rev. B. Griffin, Vice President, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Clark. The Corresponding Secretary referred to the safe return of Rev. J. D. Collins, the superintendent of our mission in China, and Dr. Peck gave a gratifying account of the spirit of the brother at the late session of the Michigan Conference.

A resolution was introduced by the Corresponding Secretary and adopted by the Board, recommending the Bishops having charge of the Foreign Mission to reinforce the mission on the Pacific coast by the addition of more laborers.

Resolutions were adopted looking to the formation or increase of a library for the benefit of the Monrovia Academy, and providing for the reorganization of that school.

CHINESE FACT.—Rev. M. C. White writes from Fuh-Chan, China, May 6, 1851:—

A few months since I purchased a Chinese book, in seven volumes, purporting to be the work of His Excellency Keying, the late Imperial Chinese Commissioner, who acted so prominent a part in negotiating treaties of peace with England, America, and France. In these volumes I found an Essay on Prayer to the God of Heaven, which I translated and forwarded to you, supposing it to have been in reality the work of Keying. I have since ascertained to my entire satisfaction, that the insertion of Keying's name in those works, as though he were the author, is altogether a forgery, executed without doubt for the purpose of getting a large price for the books.

Secondly, it appears that the leaf on which the "Essay" appears, is never included in the work as sold to the Chinese; but is an additional leaf, inserted from some other book, as seems quite probable, or a leaf printed for the purpose to induce foreigners to purchase the work.

The numbering on the adjoining pages had been altered very carefully to prevent any discovery of the cheat.

If you have, unfortunately, published the translation I sent you, please publish the above also, to disabuse the public, and show what a Chinaman can do for money.

GERMANY.—Brother Jacoby, in writing under date of August 19th, gives an account of some of his labors, which, as they are "more abundant," we here give for the edification of missionaries and ministers at home and abroad; and that the church may know the spirit of her pastors in some places.

1st. Pastor of my society in Bremen, preaching three times a week, meeting, Bible class, and four other classes; visiting the sick, and receiving their visits.

2d. Editing the Evangelical tracts, and books.

3d. Looking after the Book Concern.

4th. My superintendency, writing all letters, and keeping my accounts.

5th. To attend to the colporteurs and their reports.

6th. To attend to the emigrants who are recommended to me; and then an invalid body, and a weak head, so that I am unable to do anything but to receive visits.

But I cannot stand it much longer. I would have improved my health, if I could have left long enough to see my dear friends. That, however, seemed impossible, and I gave it up. Finally, I was able without any rest, to guess it is enough for one man. I often look back to America, and remember the corn meal and the bacon of the West, and wish to return, if flesh and blood might permit. But I will not do so. I will stay here, and do my duty. I see the flocking of the people to hear the good tidings of salvation—I see souls converted to God, and I rejoice in the Lord for his doing, and get patience.

With me, my brethren, and the Lord, and the strength of body and soul, and grace, that I may be entirely resigned to his will. O for full salvation!

THE WORK IN SAXONY.—We have already informed the church that it pleased God to raise up a young man in Dayton, Ohio, and send him back to Saxony, his native land, to declare the Gospel of Christ in its power in the heart and life. His testimony has been heard, and an awakening is spreading from his homestead through the region round about. He quickly applied to the Rev. L. S. Jacoby, our Superintendent in Germany, to visit him, and advise and assist him. Bro. Jacoby visited him sometime since, a full account of which appeared in the Missionary Advocate. We give below an extract from his journal during his short visit, made in the latter part of June and first of August.

VISIT TO BRO. WUNDERLICH.—We arrived at Rastdorf, Tuesday night the 28th of July. Wednesday night, I preached to a large congregation in the house of Bro. Wunderlich, (the father,) which came there from all the neighboring villages. Thursday I visited the members of the church, and preached to a crowded and very attentive assembly. I was warmly received, and the people were very backward. Friday, we travelled to Doerndorf, about 15 miles from Rastdorf. Bro. Wunderlich preached a short sermon to a crowded and very attentive congregation, in a large saloon he rented for this object, and I preached after him. The Lord was present, and the people were moved to tears. Indeed, there is a hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Old Fashioned Methodism.—Bro. Wunderlich comes here every Thursday. He preaches that night, visits during the day, and holds prayer and class meetings. Friday and Saturday nights, he preaches, and on Sunday morning, he preaches, and has generally a crowded congregation; these people come from four to eight miles to attend this. After this he walks fifteen miles, and preaches to the people, and on the evening he holds a prayer meeting at home. Wednesday night he preaches at Waltersdorf again; in the day time he goes in the country and sells books; his health is suffering, but the Lord will sustain him in his labors.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—Saturday night we had a class meeting with the brothers from Waltersdorf. Sunday, at 1 o'clock, we had a prayer meeting in Rastdorf. My brethren from ten and fifteen miles had arrived, and we held a meeting till 5 o'clock. At 5 o'clock, I preached in Waltersdorf. The young sisters had nicely decorated the saloon, and especially the pulpit, with flowers. We had a large and very attentive congregation, and I doubt not that the Lord was present, and the people were moved to tears. What a work could be done here, if full religious liberty, as in America, was permitted!

CALIFORNIA.—Rev. W. Taylor writes to the Corresponding Secretary, under date of August 1st:—

We had two classes of conversion very recently. We now have eight classes in this city. One is the seamen's class, which is the basis of a separate church. Another is a class of the southern part of the city, which is the nucleus of a separate church also. So you will observe we expect to have three churches in this city in the ensuing Conference year. On last Wednesday evening there arrived in our city from different points Bro. Roberts, from Oregon; J. D. Collins, from China, and Owen, our Presiding Elder. A conjunction of the great planets of the West—no storm has ensued. We very much need your prayers. I rejoice that the goodness of a friend ever ready to use some souls for his life; but mourn to see what a harvest the devil is reaping in this land. I have vowed unpromising and eternal war against him, and expect to see him in his battle-field; but not till he is routed from his great stronghold.

G. W. Wolley, a member of our church—a physician—just arrived from California, addressed to Rev. G. Lane, our Treasurer, the following note:—

You will, no doubt, be happy to hear that the church at Sacramento under Bro. Briggs' charge is very prosperous, and that he is doing great good there. I cannot express my warmest wishes for the success of his labors, and his instrumentalities. He is regarded by many intelligent men as one of the most faithful, talented, and efficient preachers. Bro. I. Owen is also very popular, and devoted himself to the work.

California needs many more such men.

THE FAITH OF THE GRANDFATHER.—The writer of the above note attaches the name of his grandfather to his own—a most devoted saint, known to Bro. Lane in the beginning of his ministry, and whose piety he remembers with much satisfaction. How blessed those children who are loved for the parents' sake!

REV. S. D. SIMONDS writes under July 29, 1851:—

Our cause is generally advancing. We experience much of the goodness of God. Our camp meeting at Sonoma, on the 2d of May, was well attended. There were some ten conversions, and the general impression on the community has been sanctified and lasting. We resolved to hold another on the next quarter, which will be at Nappa Valley, August 7th to 11th. Since our first the Cumberland Presbyterians have held two camp meetings in the State, and our brethren have held two—a very excellent one at Santa Clara, and one at Cold Spring, in the region of the mines, from which I have not heard. Mrs. Simonds' health is tolerably good, and my own quiet restored. Pray for us. We have a wonderful work to accomplish in this land, and need much grace for it.

MISSIONARY GOODS.—From Brookfield circuit, Oneida Conference, one barrel, valued at \$37.57. Female Missionary Society, Saugui, N. Y., one box, valued at \$27.06. Taylorville, East Genesee Conference, two barrels, valued at \$50.

Bro. W. mentions, in his last letter, that they have commenced to fill this great duty, and say it goes better than they first thought.

DEDICATION AT BARRE.

Visit to Barre, Mass.—Location—Business—Dedication Exercises—The Noble Efforts of the Society.

We had the pleasure of a ride from this place to Barre, Mass., on the 16th inst., with our respected Father Kilburn. Barre seems to be about the central town of the State, among the many which claim that distinction, and is well defined and widely extended geographical boundaries give it a marked prominence. The wealth and prosperity which is everywhere apparent along the public road between this city and Barre, is evidently in defiance of a sterile soil, illustrating the determined energy and industry of the people.

Barre is one of the few remaining towns of considerable business importance of our State which has not been moved to Boston, or some other great centre of trade, by the distance-annihilating power of the railroad; and, as we breathed the exhilarating air of its hills, and loitered through its now quiet streets, and marked its unostentatious, but doubtless healthy growth, and most of all, as we observed the sober, intelligent, satisfied expression of its people, indicating eminent moral worth, we could but indulge the wish that it might never be startled into feverish excitement by the scream and rattle of the steam engine. But we know that these thoughts are rank heresy now-a-days, and are considered sort of embryo treason against the welfare of the country, so we thought and spoke not. But we may say that Barre with thought and spoke not. But we may say that Barre with thought and spoke not.

The Methodist society in this place, which has heretofore worshipped in a hall, has recently purchased a church, built and lately occupied by the Universalists. The transfer of the property was made with good feeling and general unanimity by its former owners. The Methodist society, though young, and by no means rich, has shown itself one of the most united, energetic and self-sacrificing of the connection. Under the counsel of Bro. Bigelow, their pastor, who has not spared himself in the labors of this transaction, they have assumed the responsibility of \$4,500, the purchase money, and expended \$700 in addition in beautifying and improving the house, leaving, it is hoped, no burdensome debt in the hands of the Trustees. They have by this expenditure not an old house, patched up to become obsolete in a few years, but one of the most chaste, well located, and inviting places of worship in the New England Conference.

The reopening exercises took place on Wednesday, the 17th inst. The sermon by Bro. Traflet, on the "Glorious Gospel of the blessed God," was able, appropriate, and what is more worthy of designation, aimed evidently at a permanently useful impression, and reached, we have no doubt, that desirable end. A large audience and considerable number of preachers were present, notwithstanding existing attractions in other directions, evincing the interest in the occasion in the minds of the people of the vicinity.

Thus has another of our youthful societies started on the race of competition for usefulness and prominence with our older and more favorably situated societies. May the Lord cause such to "abound more and more" in numbers and in graces.

Worcester, Sept. 29. Z. A. McDOUG.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for October appears in its usual trim and tasteful style. This number is filled with a rich and interesting variety. It is a source of great pleasure to find that a work of so excellent moral and intellectual worth is well sustained by the reading public.

And yet this work should have a wider circulation. Two new numbers complete the eleventh volume, and a new year will begin. May there not be one thousand additional subscribers obtained for the next year?—Cincinnati, *Seaside* & *Power*; New York, Lane & Scott.

GODDESS' LADY'S BOOK for October is as beautiful in typography and pictorial illustrations as former numbers. It is mostly composed, however, with common place love stories, written, it is true, for the work, but partaking of the same general character with articles of that sort; though we are glad to find that the moral tone of them is good. It contains no article of rare merit, conveying useful knowledge or exercising power of thought in the reader. Hence its whole tendency is to increase sentimentalism and ineff

For the Herald and Journal.

LAURA.

BY JANE REVEREND.

"A violet, by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."—Worcesters.

Where the sunlight through the waving grass,
Chase the swift-winged shadow,
From the solemn wood and the ripening grain,
O'er the hill-side and the meadow;
Where the wild flowers of the summer time
Through the hedgerows dark are peeping;
There the turf grows green on the narrow bed,
Where the weary child is sleeping.

A white rose tree, in the dewy morn,
Hath put forth bud and blossom,
On the earth that shields her weary eyes,
From the light, in its cold, dark boom.
No burial stone is above her head
To tell of the loved departed,
But her story is written in faithful hearts,
The forsaken—the broken hearted.

In the golden glow of the evening,
In the grey of the early morning,
'Neath her grassy pall she hears no more,
The faint and sweet of morning,
Slender hand crushed a heart attuned
To words and deeds of kindness,
And eyes that yearned for human love
Have wept themselves to blindness.

Thank God! forever more to her
Are words that hate hath spoken,
And hushed, for aye, the treacherous voice
Which hath this spirit broken.
Good Shepherd, 'neath whose loving care
She lies in her last sleeping,
O give her to our arms again,
Beyond the vale of weeping.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY E. S. JAMES.

It is the hour of eve, Mother,
The hour I love the best,
For it recalls sweet memories
Of happy scenes and bliss;
When thou wouldst lay thy work aside,
And call me from my play,
And ask me, in thy gentle tones,
How I had passed the day.

Then nestling in thy lap, Mother,
And clasped within thine arms,
The prattler would relate the scenes,
That had for him such charms.
Methought thou wert an angel then—
A messenger of joy—
So sweetly didst thou smile, Mother,
Upon thy happy boy.

How playfully we raced, Mother,
Along the parlor floor,
When father's well known knock was heard!
Upon the outer door:
And I would spring into his arms,
And clasp his neck, while thou
Wouldst kiss the shade of care, Mother,
From off his manly brow.

But ah! those hours have fled, Mother,
Like morning's glowing dream;
And fleeting time has swept along
Noontide's exhausting beam.
And often have I missed thy smile,
And missed thy cheering tone,
When wandering from thy roof, Mother,
Mid strangers and alone.

And when my prostrate form, Mother,
Was racked by feverish pain,
And stranger forms were round my bed,
O, how I missed thee then.
And often when temptation's cloud
O'ertung my doubtful way,
Hast thou been at my side, Mother,
I had not gone astray.

It is the hour of eve, Mother,
The hour I love the best,
For it recalls sweet memories
Of happy scenes and bliss;
And bids me bide the blissful time,
When life's sweet eve is come;
And with those who've gone before
Shall meet again at Home.

Norristown, Pa.

SKETCHES.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE FOREST FUNERAL.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest some thanks
And supplication.

Ah, why

Should we, in the world's ripper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.—BYAST.

We had just left the camp meeting in North-
port, a place made sacred to our hearts by many
hallowed associations, with the thrilling and
pleasant thought in the mind that more than
fifty immortal spirits had passed from death to
life, during the few days spent in that beautiful
grove. The ground there is shaded by young
trees, and spread out before us were the beautiful
waters of the Penobscot Bay. All hearts
were charmed and blessed. As our faith was
fully confirmed in the utility and propriety of
worshipping God in his leafy temples, with
cheerful hearts, we hastened to Exeter to join
our Christian friends there in acts of devotion.

We found quite a contrast between the camp-
meeting here and that in N. On the whole,
the contrast was pleasant and profitable to the soul.
Here almost everything was in its natural state.
The stand, the seats, and all around, even plain
enough to suit an "old-fashioned Methodist,"
and to recall those days when our fathers
prayed, and wept, and preached, and exhorted,
with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven;
when sinners were converted, and shouts went
up which made the very forests tremble, while
angels on bright wings were hovering among the
branches of the trees over the deeply interesting
scene to bear the glad tidings back to heaven.

We were happy to enjoy this privilege, as it
gave us some just idea of scenes in the days of
early Methodism, which we had only learned
through history, as prior to 1842 we knew little
about Methodism, and were without God and
without hope in the world. The ground was
lighted by fires burning on altars around the
audience, reminding all of the fires which God's
ancient people kept burning on their altars, and
suggesting to all that the fire of divine love
should be kept continually burning on the altar
of the human heart. The trees were large, old
trees that waved their branches "in the darkling
wood," far back in the world's history, before
our sires enjoyed the bright morning of their
earthly existence. Amidst a scene like this,
the soul's natural utterances were,

"Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, 'thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose

All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy name,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven."

"So it ours to meditate

In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

A few rods from the encampment, is the resi-
dence of one whose name stands on our super-
annuated list, who once passed through the
forests of Maine, crying to the sparse popula-
tion: "Behold, your Redeemer cometh!" He
is now bowed down with the weight of many
years and many infirmities. She, who had
shared with him in his trials and sorrows, and
in his hopes and joys, for many long years, had
been confined to her bed for several months
past, waiting to take the upward flight to the
glory that excelleth. The angel of death
seemed to be hovering over that suffering one,
as though he were anxious to open the gate of
the clayey prison and let the immortal spirit
behold the king in his beauty. But a present-
ment lingered around the mind that she should
live to the time of that camp meeting. And so
it was. Just as the people of God awoke from
their nightly slumbers in that consecrated spot,
where God had fulfilled his promise—"They
shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in
the woods;" just as the voice of prayer and
praise began to ascend to the Eternal, and the
morning light appeared in the east, heaven
opened its golden gates and let the weary
traveller in. Fit time, aged saint, to die!
Thou hadst shared with the people of God in
their journeyings over this sorrowful earth;
with them thou hadst borne the blood-stained
banner of the cross before earth's sinful millions,
and before the sacramental hosts of God's elect;
when the sinner was struggling in the agonies
of despair, while the arrows of the Almighty
stuck fast in his heart, thy voice broke the awful
stillness of the night with strong cries and tears
to God that he would have mercy; and when
mercy came, thy tears of joy and shouts of
praise mingled with those of God's people, and
with the shouts of angels above over the repent-
ing sinner. Yes, fit time to die, while a great
company of Christian friends, and angels too,
were near thy dwelling. Wast thou not borne
upward by the prayers, and faith, and shouts of
the redeemed. Did not a great company of
celestial beings convey thee to the glorious man-
sions, and exclaim, "Another star is fixed in
the firmament of God's eternal glory!"

On the last afternoon of our camp meeting,
the funeral services were held in the grove.
We had never before seen a funeral in the
wilderness. We had repeatedly read with un-
derstandable emotions, Wirt's unequalled de-
scription of the administration of the Eucharist
in the wilderness by the blind preacher; and
had often thought that we should like to witness
the scene of a funeral service over the pious
dead, "away from the dwellings of care-worn
men." This scene was now before us. Near
two thousand people were seated, the bereaved
friends occupying the front seats. That beautiful
hymn, No. 1083 of our new collection, was sung,
producing feelings which cannot be ex-
pressed. Then a faithful man of God, who, for
many years, had not shunned to declare the
whole counsel of God, and who had higher
notions than simply to gain personal sympathy
by words of human weakness, and who has long
held a holy place in the affections of his breth-
ren in the ministry and laity, announced as his
text: "LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE
RIGHTEOUS, AND LET MY LAST END BE LIKE
THEIR." He showed plainly from the Bible that
our dying the death of the righteous was made
to depend upon our living the life of the
righteous. Every candid, thinking mind present
was convinced of this. Those who were be-
lievers, were comforted by the thought that their
departed friend had lived the life of the
righteous, and was then enjoying his reward.

We had often anticipated a scene like this.
But when we looked on that aged minister of
Christ, bereft of his friends of his early youth,
who had sympathized with him for many long
and tedious years of his earthly pilgrimage;
when we looked upon the brother addressing us
who in a few brief months was called to give up
several of his children to the spoiler, and cast-
ing an eye over the congregation saw the wife
and mother who stepped down with him to the
cold, dark waters, while their children passed
over; when we beheld at our side, in the stand,
a brother in tears who was thinking of the
"early lost and early saved;" and when that
part of our own painful history came like the
gathering gloom of the grave, and rushed like
Alpine torrents upon the mind and heart; then
those hours when the angel of death hovered
over our little family circle, and spread his dark
and heavy wings over the palpitations of ag-
onized human hearts; then decision of mind and
power of will could no longer control the deep
feelings within, and many gave themselves up
"to weep like a child on its mother's breast."
O, how memory called back the scenes of the
past, and impressed them again upon many
hearts. The funeral procession passed up the
broad aisle, and passed out of the woods to the
place of the dead. And many will remember
the life's latest hour, THE FOREST FUNERAL.

"Now comes she near and nearer,
Welcome, my spirit bride!
Methinks she should be dearer
Than erst before she died."

E. A. HELMERSHAUSEN.
Oldtown, Me., Sept., 1851.

CHILDREN.

AMELIA FRANYEN, THE INDIAN CHILD.

Amelia was the favorite daughter of a converted
Indian in British Guiana. The death of her
father seemed to make a deep impression upon
her, and her sickly body soon began to show
that she would not stay much longer in this
lower world. For some weeks she lived with
us; but when she was unable to leave her ham-
mock, she desired to be carried to her late father's
cottage. Here the missionary visited her often,
and though but seven years old, she was pre-
pared to enter into her rest. Many happy hours
did I spend by her side.

One day, when I was praying with the dear
child, she pressed my hand, saying, "Thank you,
sir, thank you!" At another time, having read
about the New Jerusalem, she sat up in her
hammock, and cheerfully discoursed upon the
subject; "O, yes," she said, "soon I shall be
there." On being asked, what made her believe
she should go there, she said, "Did not Jesus
die for me also?"

"But you are a child; do you think you are
as great a sinner as many others?"
"Yes, sir, I am a child, but you have often
told us, that even children need to pray for
pardon, and for grace to change their hearts. I
have thought on these words and prayed, and
O, here she sighed deeply and wept—"I
have felt my heart to be very sinful; but I know
that Jesus has forgiven me; Jesus has adopted
me as his child."

"But you are yet young, would you not wish
to live a little longer?"
"Yes, I might wish it, but I am afraid I
should be unthankful to my Saviour. I remem-
ber you have told us, (referring to the school),
that in heaven there is no more sin, nor grief,
nor death; thither I wish to go; and"—paus-
ing a little—"soon I shall be there."

She was hastening to her rest faster than I
supposed, and not having paid her a visit for
several days, she sent to inform me, that she
was going away, and wished to see me. I went
and conversed with her on the joys of heaven;
but being very weak, she appeared to take but
little notice of what was said. Having read and
prayed that the Lord in mercy might shorten
her trial, and receive her into the joys of heaven,
she raised herself and uttered a loud and hearty
Amen. Being asked, "Are you in great pain?"
she replied, "Yes, sir, it is very great, but"—
"Do you wish for anything I can do for
you?"

"No, sir, I want nothing at all; to-night I
shall be in heaven." And it was so, for in a
few hours she breathed her last.

She was certainly a very remarkable child.
Whenever she was at leisure, at home or in
school, she would sit in some corner with her
little Testament, or Hymn-book open, and
though often urged to join the other children in
their amusements, she constantly refused. She
read and spoke English well, and committed a
great portion of Scripture and many hymns to
memory, apparently much pleased when she
could say her task well.—Barnard's British
Guiana.

YOUTH.

For the Herald and Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY PUPILS.—LITTLE ALICE.

BY CLARA A. S.

"She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

Sweet little Alice! I seem to see her now,
A fair child of some seven bright summers,
With blue eyes and golden hair—the happiest,
loveliest one among the merry groups who used
to gather every morning in the old school house,
or go dancing and shouting up the shady street
when their daily tasks were ended. Among her
companions, Alice was the pet pupil—from the
"grown up" boys and girls down to the three
little colored children—who found in her a
friend and comforter when the rude ones called
them naughty names or slighted them on the
play ground. I am sorry to say that some of my
pupils would sometimes do so; as if because
God had given them skins of a darker hue, they
were guilty things, unfit to join in the innocent
sports of childhood. But when Alice saw them
standing sadly by themselves and gazing upon
the merry groups, she would go bravely up to
them and lead them back with her own little
white hand, saying in her artless way, "Ally
can't play while they look so sober—we'll all
play together, that's the way to be happy."

I hope the children who may read this simple
sketch, will imitate Ally in this. Be kind to
those poor, unhappy, neglected children, whom
you may sometimes meet; you do not know how
much good a pleasant word may do them; you
do not know how their little sad hearts will beat
with joy at your kindness.

Ally loved play dearly in the time for it, but
no sooner was the first tinkle of the school bell
heard than she would scamper off to the school
house, as fast as her feet could carry her, and
before the last of the loiterers had left the play
ground, she would be in her seat and busy with
her lesson. It was Ally's sweet voice that led
in the evening hymn, and every morning she was
ready with her text of Scripture—always beau-
tiful and appropriate, for Ally had a pious mother
at home, who strove to lead her little daughter
to the Saviour. When we knelt down to ask
our heavenly Father to bless and keep us, it was
little Ally who nestled close to the teacher's
side, while one fair arm was thrown about my
neck, or her dimpled hand clasped in mine. I
might tell you much about her gentle, forgiving,
affectionate disposition, which would show you
why with teacher as with the scholars Ally was
the "pet pupil." But I would weary my little
readers, for I wish them to be interested in read-
ing about my little Ally, and then "go and do
likewise."

The last day of school came all too soon, for it
had been a happy term, and the teacher was not
coming back to them after an absence of two or
three weeks as usual. So we had a famous "pic-
nic" in a pleasant grove, and then came back to
the school house to say our "adieu." There
were many tearful eyes, and it was with trem-
bling voices that we sang together for the last
time:—

"Thine we'll meet, at Jesus' feet,
When we meet to part no more."

One by one the scholars passed quietly out,
and the teacher was left alone. I sat down to
write to arrange their parting gifts—little
"card baskets," book-marks, bouquets of wither-
ing flowers—trifles valueless to a stranger but
priceless to me, for I knew them to be tokens of
the pure love of these young hearts. How
plainly memory brings back that evening! My
window opened upon the play ground—a green
field sloping down to the water's edge. It was
interspersed with trees, and some fine old willows
dipped their graceful foliage in the stream, while
the wind murmured a sad music among their
branches. A small shadow fell upon my desk,
and I light passed under the green sward, and in
a moment little Alice bounded up the aisle and
threw her arms about my neck. She had come
to say "good bye" once more, she said,
and "see here," she continued, presenting me
with a beautiful bouquet tastefully arranged,
"sister gave me her last white rose and this
beautiful bud for you. She says the bud is like
me, so fresh and healthy, but the fading rose is
an emblem of herself—poor dear sister!" And
the tears sprang to Ally's eyes and her lip quiv-
ered, for her sister was in the last stage of con-
sumption; and young as Ally was, she knew that
the roses of another summer would blossom on
her sister's grave. They were a consoling and
valuable gift, and the "reaper whose name is Death,"
had cut down one after another of that fated
household, and now the stricken-hearted mother
gazed upon another loved one passing gently to
the spirit land. I strove to raise little Alice from
her sad thoughts by talking about that great and
good Being who clothes the lilies of the field,
and whose hand may be seen in the delicate work
of the simplest flower. I put away the green
leaves which enveloped the bud, to show her how
curiously the petals were folded together, and
there, coiled up within, was a little green worm,
which had been feasting upon the delicate leaves
and tender stem, so that the little bud fell down
from the stalk.

"Poor little bud," Ally said, "who would
have thought there was a worm in it, who seemed
so fresh and beautiful?" I looked upon her
bright young face and thought, "Can it be
sweet child, that this rose-bud is indeed an em-
blem of you? Do you bear that fatal mark,
consumption?" I saw, or fancied I saw, an un-
usual glow upon her cheek, and the sweet blue
eyes looked to mine, were almost fearfully bright.
But I put away the unwelcome idea, for how
could I think of death with her, so young, and so
beloved?

Alice drew her low stool closer to my side and
said, "Now please talk to me about heaven; I
love to hear of heaven. And that beautiful
hymn you sang to us—"

"There fadeless flowers immortal bloom,"—
what does it mean? Will there be flowers in
heaven, fadeless flowers, dear teacher?"

Ah, how could I, with the weight of some
eighteen years upon my heart, tell that sinless
child "about heaven." "Dear one," I ex-
claimed mentally, "thou art much nearer our
Father's kingdom than she who has been thy
teacher;" but I strove, as well as I was able, to
talk of all we knew about that better home who
our Saviour has prepared for those who love
him.

The twilight cast a heavy shadow upon the
river, and through the long aisles of the school
room, when Ally gave me her parting kiss, I
watched her from my window as she passed
slowly up the street, and then turned sadly away
from the spot around which so many pleasant
recollections lingered. "Have I done my duty
faithfully?"—Thus I commenced with my own
heart during my homeward walk—"Have I sown
precious seed upon these young minds committed
to my care? Have I striven to win them to his
fold who gathers the lambs in his bosom, and
leadeth them in green pastures and by the still
waters? O! had I done this?" My heart
went up in earnest prayer to "Our Father" for
his forgiveness of my unfaithfulness, and his
blessing upon my feeble efforts to leave good im-
pressions upon these immortal minds.

I never saw little Alice again. After an ab-
sence of several months, which were pleasantly
spent in teaching in the beautiful village of G.,
I returned to my own dear home. It was late
when the stage arrived, and among the first glad
greetings Alice was not thought of. The next
day as I sat in our little parlor conversing gaily
with a friend, I was startled by the tolling of the
village bell. My friend anticipated the hasty
question which rose to my lips, saying, "Poor
little Alice! I forgot to tell you!" She died of
quick consumption, and to-day they will bury
her!"

Not unlike my darling pupil, was that pure
white rose bud, after all. Silently, but surely
had the worm eaten away the vital principle of
that lovely flower just bursting into blossom. I
did not stand beside the coffin, dead, or gaze
upon that lovely face shrouded in death's em-
brace; but I have been by a grave-grown weed
in the old church yard, where they laid her, with
her little pale hands folded upon her bosom, and
her sunny hair parted upon her marble forehead,
"as if her rest had been a breathing sleep."

The golden rays of the setting sun lingered
lovingly upon the quiet resting-place of the dead,
bringing forcibly to my mind that twilight when
I parted from sweet little Ally Hall, in the old
school house; I seemed to see that bright young
face raised to mine, and hear her say again and
again, "good bye, dear teacher, good bye—"

"Thine we'll meet, at Jesus' feet,
When we meet to part no more."

But as for me, I felt like kneeling down upon
that grave and saying, "Dear Ally, tell me
about heaven! Are there flowers in heaven,
fadeless flowers, dear Ally?" Ah! yes! those
fair young flowers which have blossomed by our
paths, which have been cut down by the stern
old reaper Death, they are there. Our Redeemer
wears them in his bosom—they are there, and
they fade no more. They are there, those be-
loved ones, and they love us yet—we shall go to
them when our heavenly Father calls, "Child,
come home!" But ah! are we ready for this
summons? Can we leave this pleasant earth,
these dear friends, our happy homes, and lie
down in the silent grave? Does faith show unto
our mental vision the white-robed angels, the
golden harps, the glorious river of the waters of
Life, and the gates of that city whose builder is
God, where tears "shall be wiped from off all
faces?" Are our names written within the
"Lamb's book of Life?" God grant it so!

Dear children, I would not sadden your young
hearts, or make one smile the less upon your
happy faces; but O, sometimes think that while
the old must die, the young may die. This
thought will not make us unhappy if we give our
hearts to the Saviour, and strive to serve him.
He casts out none who come to him; he is
calling you by the still small voice of his Spirit,
"This is the way, walk ye in it." So shall your
lives be useful and happy, and death, whether it
comes in childhood or old age, and the passage to
a glorious home in the "many mansions of our
Father's kingdom."

Sept., 1851.

Mrs. JANE IRISH died in Gorham, Me.,
June 27, aged 56. Sister Irish for many years
maintained the Christian character; and during
a somewhat protracted and painful illness, ex-
hibited almost unexampled patience and resigna-
tion to the divine will. Her last hours of life
were gilded with heavenly sunshine; and while
reason remained to perform its functions, her
happy spirit exulted in the full presence of Jesus,
and in prospect of beholding his face, where
cloudless visions of his infinite perfections would
feast her soul forever. May her dying counsels
to family friends be long cherished, and suitably
improved.
J. G. JOHNSON.

Mrs. HANNAH B. J. BOOTHBY, wife of An-
sel Boothby, died in Gorham, Me., Aug. 24,
aged 24 years. She gave her heart to God, and
united with the M. E. Church at the age of four-
teen years, under the labors of Rev. J. C. Perry,
on Cornish Circuit. While she lived she adorned
the doctrine of God her Saviour by her life and
conversation. During her sickness, which was
long and painful, religion was her comfort and
support. The nearer she came to the close of
life the greater was her triumph and joy. The
attractions of heaven were powerful. She longed
to depart and be with Christ. When death
came he was a welcome visitor; his stilling was
gone.
J. McMillan.

Mrs. EUNICE, wife of Robert C. FURNALL,
died in Salmon Falls, June 18, aged 34 years.
In 1829, when but 12 years of age, she sought
and found religion, and was soon after baptized
and admitted to the M. E. Church in Great
Falls, by Rev. B. R. Hoyt. From the time of
her conversion to the day of her death, she was
a Christian of uniform and consistent piety.
Great Falls, N. H. J. PIKE.

Mrs. DRUSILLA STEVENS, wife of Bro. Cal-
vin Stevens, died in Lynn, Sept. 7, aged 36 yrs.
Sister Stevens has been for many years a worthy
member of the M. E. Church, maintaining a
Christian character, being devoted to her
husband, and enduring her sufferings with Christian
fortitude and patience. "I have had a struggle,"
said she, "to give up my family, but I have
overcome this reluctance, and leave my children
in God's care." Her charge to her hus-

band was, "train up the children, so that I
shall meet them in heaven." "I am now going
through the valley of death, but I am not alone;
Jesus is with me, and he has promised to be with
me always." Through all the weary months of
her sickness she always said, that she reposed
with strong confidence on Jesus Christ her Re-
deemer. She appeared to have no doubts of her
acceptance, and at length fell asleep in Jesus.
J. A. ADAMS.

DOLLY ORDWAY died in North Salem, N.
H., Aug. 8, aged 58 years the 7th of January
last. Our sister died very suddenly; not
more than one hour from the time she was at-
tacked with great distress about the heart, she
was a corpse. For several weeks she had been
confined with a broken limb; was thought, how-
ever, to be doing well. Sister Ordway was a
very acceptable member of the M. E. Church in
this place for more than twelve years. She has
left, of all her father's family, one lone sister
with whom she lived all her life,—neighbors,
acquaintance and the church, to mourn her loss.
All are consoled with the blessed expectation,
that their departed friend rests in heaven.

BENJAMIN R. HOYT.
North Salem, Sept. 4.

Mrs. SARAH LOCKE, wife of Rev. Caleb
Locke, died in Hollis, Me., Sept. 1, aged 70 yrs.
and 6 months. Sister Locke has been a mem-
ber of the M. E. Church fourteen years. She
was very strongly attached to the people of her
choice, but truly charitable with Christians gen-
erally. She has been the subject of great bodily
suffering for years, while nature was sinking
under the weight of dropsy, but she would often
say, the Lord is precious to my soul. Her
death was very peaceful; without a struggle or
grief she closed her eyes and lips, and the
Spirit bid adieu to friends and earth, to be for-
ever with the Lord. J. McDaniel, Jr.
Hollis, Sept. 5.

HIRAM WATERHOUSE departed this life, in
full hope of an eternal weight of glory, aged 49,
at his residence in Buxton, Me., July 3d, 1851.
Bro. Waterhouse was converted in the year 1838,
and joined the class the March following; and
has ever sustained a good name. His house has
been the class room ever since, and himself the
class leader most of the time. The weary travel-
ing preachers passing to and from Portland and
elsewhere, found his house a resting place with
warm hearts; and I hope they will not forget to
call and visit the widow and children he has left
behind. His soul was filled with glory.
JAMES BUCK.

Miss MARY JOAN SMITH died in Province-
town, June 29, aged 15 years. Her death was
much lamented by a large circle of friends, to
whom she had attached herself. Her last words
were, "Let me go, the day is breaking," which
she sung with unusual fervor and sweetness.
Z. M. S.

Sister ZURVAIN DOLIVER died in Grafton,
Mass., Sept. 16, aged 33 years. She was born
at Thompson, Ct., converted to God in Wood-
stock, and joined the M. E. Church in Norwich,
of the same State. Like many others after con-
version she drank into the spirit of the world,
and had occasion often to mourn her distance
from God. But before death she emerged from
her darkness, and was sided wonderfully by di-
vine grace. Her last words were, "I am going
home, I feel happy." She had a hard struggle
with death, but it was soon past, and she escaped
"Her prison and her clay."

to rejoice in the smiles of Jesus forever.
BENJAMIN KING.
N. E. Village, Aug., 1851.

For the Herald and Journal.

STATISTICS.—MAINE CONFERENCES.
Bro. STEVENS.—As the friends of Method-
ism generally wish to know what progress the
church is making in its different departments,
the following items, gathered from the Minutes
of the Conferences above named, may not be
without interest to some of the readers of the
Herald.

MAINE CONFERENCE.
Number of charges not reported, 19. Number
of preachers whose claims were wholly paid,
17. Average amount of claims in the Conference,
\$349.79. Districts: Portland, 556.24;
Gardiner, 337.37; Readfield, 556.32. Average
amount received in the Conf., 287.76. Districts:
Portland, 278.46; Gardiner, 280.75; Readfield,
311.57. Average amount of deficiencies in the
Conf., 62.03. Districts: Portland, 77.78;
Gardiner, 56.62; Readfield, 44.75. Largest
amount received by any one preacher, 555.00.
Largest deficiency, 296.00.

The average amount paid by the membership,
including probationers, and allowing those not
reported to have paid an equal amount with
those that are, in the Conf., 2.12. Districts:
Portland, 2.33; Gardiner, 2.08; Readfield, 1.95.
Average amount required to have paid all defi-
ciencies, in the Conf., 45 cents. Districts:
Portland, 64; Gardiner, 42; Readfield, 28.

Average amount paid for missions, Conf.,
about 17 cents. Districts: Portland, 20; Gar-
diner, 10; Readfield, 3. Average amount paid
for the Bible cause, Conf., about 1-3 cents.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.
Number of charges not reported, 6. Number
of preachers whose claims were wholly paid,
including Local Preachers employed, 33. Aver-
age amount of claims in the Conf., \$346.68.
Districts: Bangor, 334.48; Rockland, 365.22;
Bucksport, 331.22. Average amount received,
Conf., 304.43. Districts: Bangor, 295.41;
Rockland, 316.96; Bucksport, 298.09. Aver-
age amount of deficiencies, Conf., 42.25. Dis-
tricts: Bangor, 39.09; Rockland, 52.26;
Bucksport, 33.13. Largest amount received by
any one preacher, 581.00. Largest deficiency,
154.00.

Average amount paid by the membership for
the support of the ministry, Conf., 2.37. Dis-
tricts: Bangor, 2.51; Rockland, 2.30; Buck-
sport, 2.31. Average amount required to have
paid all deficiencies, Conf., 33 cents. Districts:
Bangor, 33; Rockland, 49; Bucksport, 25.

Average amount paid for missions, Conf.,
about 11-3-5 cents. Districts: Bangor, 12.22;
Rockland, about 5-1-2; Bucksport, nearly
6. Average amount